

OCALA EVENING STAR

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PHONE 51

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Enver Pasha surely is a success in getting himself interviewed.

They no longer say wine, women and song. Its booze, chickens and ragtime.

People do their best work for other people when they entirely forget themselves.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but there never is any overdraft on His affections.

Another good sign is that some of our most lovely girls have a healthy appetite for onions.

If the grass Nebuchadnezzar fed on was like Marion county celery, no wonder he stayed with it seven years.

Highest civilization will be reached when every man can behave himself and do as he darn please at the same time.

Leo Frank is reported to be a temperate man, but the present prospect is that he will take a drop too much before long.

As long as the sale of gasoline and booze continues brisk, we refuse to believe that hard times have permanently arrived.

The Turks are a bad bunch, but, so far as the evidence goes, in this war they have behaved better than some of the Christians.

Col. Peter O. Knight of Tampa is in Tallahassee, to argue against the corporation tax bill now pending. What else should he be there for?

Mrs. Minnie Moore Wilson has adopted the Seminoles. Women are the natural friends of the friendless. Also, sometimes, of the friendly.

Headline says "Germans May Abandon the Offensive in the West." Neither side will cease to be offensive to the other until it is entirely whipped.

Powell of the Clearwater Sun owns that his birthday occurs on April 12. We had been for some time under the impression that the date was in April.

We don't know just where Kitchen's new army will strike first, but we are willing to bet something that the Germans will know when it hits.

Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet has become a friend and champion of Huerta. Sad it is, and yet how so, that most old soaks have winning ways.

If they don't quit leaving everything to Congress, the legislature and the city council, only a grand rascal will have enough initiative to cross the street.

There is one law the legislature might pass with benefit to the public, and that is to restrict auto driving to licensed drivers of not less than sixteen years of age.

After reading that interview with Enver Pasha, we can't help thinking how unlucky Turkey was in not getting into war twenty-five years ago, and staying in.

If the energy expended in preventing boys from being bad, and in punishing them for being bad, could be scientifically applied to helping them to be good, we wouldn't need curfew laws nor reform schools.

It is said that some of our embalmers as Florida barons have turned green with envy on receiving reliable reports as to the success of British army contractors in grafting.

If the Russians are half as ingenious as Florida darkeys in constructing moonshine stills, almost every moujik can find material for an occasional jag, in spite of the Little Father's interdict.

The Star will be sorry for Joe Reese or Ed Lambright if Bill Mapoles ever catches either of them outside the limits of an incorporated town. And its sorry for Bill's constituents all the time.

If Florida adopts electrocution as a mode of execution, instead of hanging, an electric chair may be located at the Marion Farms—unless, of course, Williston or some other ambitious town tries to take the distinction away from Ocala.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Denham, Mrs. Denham's brother, Mr. W. S. Barco, and Mr. Dudley Glover of Gainesville were in town in Mr. Denham's big car yesterday. Mr. Denham, who travels all around over the country,

says there will be no more hard times if everybody will stop talking about them and go to work like most of the farmers are doing. He says the movement to cut off a corner of Alachua has taken the people of his county even more by surprise than it has those of Marion. Mr. Barco was formerly a Crystal River boy, but is now in business in Macon, Ga. Mr. Glover is a big, fine-looking young man, about four times the size of the slim little schoolboy who carried a route for the daily Star several years ago.

"Somehow the prospect that all the dyestuffs will soon be exhausted doesn't worry us," remarks the Ocala Star. "Its principal result would be to make the women dress all in white most of the time. A pretty woman always looks well in white and there are lots of pretty women in Ocala." The dyestuffs are needed, nevertheless, for the sake of the workingman's pocketbook. Dressing in white is surely attractive, but it is also mighty expensive.—Times-Union Short Talks.

Never is anything left in the workingman's pocketbook anyhow. Besides, if about two more steam laundries were established in Ocala, and the Star did their printing, it wouldn't care much what became of the other workmen.

Robert T. Adams of Ocala, the guiding hand of the Harrington Hall, one of Central Florida's largest and most modern hostels, was shaking hands with friends in Gainesville yesterday. Mr. Adams, while yet imbued with the spirit of city life, is becoming enthusiastic concerning the "back to the soil" slogan, and in deference to this has acquired a fine farm a few miles from Ocala.—Gainesville Sun.

Its one of the greatest recreations of Bob's friends to auto out to his farm and watch him plow his broad acres with a mule and a bull-tongue.

William Barnes of New York is a politician to the manor born. He stood all kinds of abuse good-temperedly until Teddy accused him of being a friend of Charlie Murphy. Then he brought suit for libel. He had to draw the line somewhere.

Ice has broken at Archangel, Russia's port on the Arctic, and the Russians can now ship out wheat and ship in arms. It is some help, but it is like the United States had to do all its shipping thru Montreal—only worse.

If Grand Duke Nicholas was really shot by a subordinate, as the Germans claim, the boys on the firing line don't seem to be missing him very much. We daresay that yarn is in the same class with the defeat of Von Kluk and the disgrace of Von Hindenburg.

If that Roosevelt jury, of seven republicans, three progressives and two democrats, views the evidence from a political standpoint, skating will be fashionable in the bad place before it agrees.

The street committee of the city council should instruct the street force not to cut down trees on the sidewalks without first consulting the owners of the adjacent property. The

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people in one of our Fort King homes are justly aggrieved by the cutting down of a fine shade tree to the west of their residence, the other day. There was no reason whatever for cutting down the tree, and its loss detracts greatly from the beauty and comfort of the home which it shaded for a number of years. Its removal causes the full heat of the afternoon sun to flood the front veranda, and its place cannot be adequately taken by artificial shades, which shut out the air at the same time they give shade. In some places, the trees are too thick, and should be thinned out, but not without first consulting the people in the neighborhood. A good shade tree is a part of a community, and its life is too valuable to be taken for any trivial reason.

The Star sincerely regrets to hear of the death of Mr. P. B. Bowie, who passed away at his home in Gainesville Sunday. Mr. Bowie was a veteran printer, and for a year or more, in 1909 and 1910, was in the employ of the Star. He was a skilled workman and an estimable man, and never lost the friendships he made in Ocala during his stay.

The New York World says that a good many of the stories of big orders for arms, ammunition, railroad material, etc., that are being sent out to the American press, originate in Wall street, and are put in circulation to bull stocks.

Some censorious person down south objects to the literary style of the editor of the Lakeland Telegram. Golly—if everybody connected with the Star wrote as straight as Hetherington, we could go fishing twice a week.

Senator Bryan is at Tallahassee, and it is understood that he will try to have some amendments made to the primary law. His opinion is valuable and should be heeded.

We closely read and greatly admire the two Tampa dailies, the Times-Union and the Columbia State, but every time we think of a smart paragraph, we find that one another of them has beaten us to it.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of hydro-electric plants in North Georgia and Alabama, they are not, even in that favored region, milking cows by electricity at 1 cent per k. w. h.

Kaiser Bill is some outnumbered, but not so much as Frederick the Great was 155 years ago. The allies of that day put in seven years crushing Frederick, and then he wasn't crushed.

Moonshining seems on the increase. Alex Cogsworth, a colored man living out near Leroy, was bound over by Commissioner Williams Monday, and is in jail in default of \$200. He was arrested by Mr. Fate Miller, who was deputized for the purpose by Deputy Marshal W. S. Perry. Mr. Miller knows the lay of the land, in that section, and soon rounded up Cogsworth, who had a still in his smokehouse. Alex declared he had made no booze, had the still but had never used it; no sir; his wife had used it to make soap in. The officials didn't think the still smell like soap, so Alex's defense was n. g.

The postoffice at Juliette, Franklin E. Hemphill, postmaster, has been converted into the civil service.

ANNUAL PICNIC

AT ADAMSVILLE

The Adamsville annual picnic will be held on Thursday, May 13th, 1915. Everybody invited to come and bring well filled baskets. Ice cream and lemonade will be sold for the benefit of the cemetery. There will be a game of ball as usual.

M. S. Hill.

W. B. Swicord.

G. W. Caruthers.

CANDLER

Candler, April 19.—Saturday afternoon a number of baseball enthusiasts went to Bellevue to witness the ball game.

Miss Eunice Loomis and cousin, Miss Hamlin, who has been Miss Loomis' guest the past winter, left Sunday for Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Allen and baby of Trilby were the recent guests of Mr. Allen's grandfather, Captain DeLong and other relatives.

Mrs. Charles Mathews entertained Mrs. Izlar and niece, Miss Sanders of Ocala, part of the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews and Master Frank Mathews visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and Mr. and Mrs. John Mathews last week.

The literary society postponed its meeting from last Friday evening until Friday, the 23rd.

The closing exercises of the public school will be held in the school building on the evening of April 30th. A literary program will be rendered which will close with awarding the medal for the best essay, which will be followed by an address by Supt. J. H. Brinson. The doors will be open at 7 o'clock. The program will begin at 7:30.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Marshall had as their guests the past week, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mitchell and two children of Atlanta, Ga.

RHEUMATISM YIELDS

QUICKLY TO SLOAN'S

You can't prevent an attack of rheumatism from coming on, but you can stop it almost immediately. Sloan's Liniment gently applied to the sore joint or muscle penetrates in a few minutes to the inflamed spot that causes the pain. It soothes the hot, tender, swollen feeling, and in a very short time brings a relief that is almost unbelievable until you experience it. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25c of any druggist and have it in the house—against colds, sore and swollen joints, lumbago, sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief.—Adv. Tues, Thur, Fri.

RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

(Continued from Last Week)

FIFTH EPISODE.

A Woman in Trouble.

CHAPTER I.

AT old black Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green percale with the big yellow flowers, and the little blue hat with the nodding red poppies was set far forward on her kinkless wig. The marketing trip to the city had been one of Aunt Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high pitched laugh of excitement were absent.

"You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore, Debby," said Mrs. Moore.

"Yassum," Aunt Debby stole a glance at June's portrait on the wall. "You—you ain't heard nothin' yet of Miss June?"

At the sound of that name Bouncer rose instantly, head up, ears perked, tail wagging, eyes eager, mouth open. He was at the window with his paws on the sill and ready to bark. He whined instead and dropped his paws to the floor.

Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as by the side of the driver she



Today the Buoyancy and High Pitched Laugh Were Absent.

spun into the city in the Moore limousine. And that puzzling problem filled the entire mind of John Moore as he sat in his office.

Where was June? A dozen private detectives were scouring the city of New York for her, and they reported to a stern faced young man who sat in the lonely apartments which June and he had fitted up to be their nest, his only companion a miniature of his lovely bride.

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was his power over Ned Warner's bride? Ned seized his hat and strode forth into the streets in his never ending search for June.

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed abruptly behind beautiful June Warner. And Gilbert Blye had furnished this address to June's employment agency.

A blonde looking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the hall, then with a significant grin left June standing there and swaggered through a door at the end of the hall. June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many shrill voices. In there, amid wreaths of curling blue smoke, moved handsomely gownned women, and many of them nonchalantly puffed at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated in the lock.

A large yellow haired woman came hurrying from the salon with June's employment agency card in her hand.

"Right this way, honey," she rasped in a voice to which the honey was for eign, and she led the way to a small side room at the left of the salon. As June reluctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left Gilbert Blye came in at the front door.

With a smile upon his lips and glinting in his dark eyes he hurried straight back toward the little room in which stood June, now alone and frightened

At that instant a huge, clumsy man came tumbling up from the basement followed by a puff of yellow smoke. With her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "fire!" she rushed to the door of the salon, but before she could reach it Gilbert Blye had her roughly by the arm and pushed her through the door which led to the basement. He stood staring at the smoke which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward June's room and dashed down the stairs.

That was a strangely furnished little room in which June found herself. There were two desks and a filing cabinet and some office chairs, but there were a luxurious couch and dainty hangings, a soft rug and pink paneled walls and ceiling. It was all so incongruous. And the work—it was queer too. The yellow haired woman came in from the parlor presently and explained the posting into small blank books of many memorandum slips. Each slip contained the name of a woman and a sum of money. There were no slips for men, but there were index cards about men. June puzzled as to what sort of business this might be.

The page girl swished in with one of the memorandum slips. The yellow head, whose face was puffy and more highly colored than was wholesome, took the slip, looked at the name on it, frowned, shook her head and went out with the girl. She entered the salon and stood surveying the scene with cold abstraction. Around a long table sat the women whom June had seen. They all had cards in front of them and stacks of playing chips, and a raw-boned woman sitting on a higher chair than the rest was dealing. The yellow haired woman fixed her attention on the gambler next to her. She was a duffy blond with a feverish glitter in her eyes, and she was bent so intently upon the fall of the cards that she did not notice the door open and close.

Poor June! She glanced about her with growing repugnance. She was abjectly miserable, and suddenly she was sobbing.

Ned! Why had she run away from him?

In the gambling room the duffy blond who had played so feverishly staked and lost the last chip in front of her. She turned impatiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard eye of the yellow haired woman, who quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly, and frigidly came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed.

"You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry," announced the yellow haired woman, turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the 1. O. U. Belle brought to me. I have not O. K'd it."

"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs. Perry.

"I wouldn't O. K. it for 50 cents," snapped the other. "Now, I want action. You'll telephone your husband from this room."

"No, no!" The woman wrung her hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!"

"I know that game," she scorned, and from June's desk she took an index card.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden," she told the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry, and say that his wife wishes to speak with him."

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically, and reached over June's shoulder to take the phone. The new secretary had made no move toward the phone. She was staring at the yellow haired woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to wrangle in emergencies. She snatched up the phone herself and called the number.

"You women think I'm a mark," she scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while she waited. "You'd sting me for a thousand dollars rather than sting your husband for it. See this card?" She held it out. It contained the name of Jackson W. Perry, his business address, his home address, his financial rating, probable income, clubs and telephone numbers. And the unfortunate Mrs. Perry seemed to shrink into hopeless despair as she realized the implacable organization against which she had pitted herself. "Mr. Perry, please." The yellow haired woman's voice had undergone a complete change. It was very pleasant of inflection, though it rasped. "His wife wishes to speak with him."

She handed over the telephone, and June, seeing Mrs. Perry's unsteadiness, rose and compassionately gave the woman her chair. The yellow haired one walked calmly over to her own desk and took up the extension phone.

June looked at her hat and coat. She seemed quite bewildered. She could not quite understand what this was all about, but she did know that it was all unpleasant and heartless and degrading. She was starting to go when something on Mrs. Perry's face touched her sympathies and held her.

"Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry, her nervous fingers clutching desperately to keep the quaver from her voice. "I—I hope I haven't interrupted anything important."

"Not very." The man's voice could be heard distinctly outside the phone. "Jack"—the voice was full of pleading—"I—I have to have some money."

The frown of the yellow haired woman deepened as she listened to the man's reply.

"I know it's a week before my allowance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and now she turned her eyes imploringly toward the stony, yellow haired one.

"But I just must have it! Eight hundred dollars!"

The man's voice boomed an incredulous exclamation over the wire; then a sharp question.

"Why—why, it's to pay bills! Yes"

(Continued on Fourth Page)

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Phone 34

the deal for that real estate has been closed and the only thing yet to do is to see if the title is good. Marion county has about 160 deed records and 45 mortgage records and 50 of miscellaneous records, or about 160,000 pages of record matter and among these is the record history of that title.

some searching and checking before the abstract man knows that he has got it all.

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